

K. Killie-Cranbie

P R Æ L I U M

1161. f.

16

GILLICRANKIANUM:

CANTILENA.

I.

GRAHAMIUS notabilis coëgerat Montanos,
Qui clypeis & gladiis fugârunt Anglicanos :
Fugerant Vallicolæ atque Puritani ;
Cacavere Batavi & Cameroniani.

II.

GRAHAMIUS mirabilis, fortissimus Alcides,
Cujus REGI fuerat intemerata fides ;
Agiles Monticolas Marte inspiravit,
Et duplicatum numerum hostium prostravit.

III.

NOBILIS apparuit Fermilo-Dunensis,
Cujus in rebelles stringebatur ensis ;
Nobilis est sanguine, nobilior virtute,
REGI & notissimus intus & in cute.

IV.

PITCURRIUS heroïcus, Hector Scoticanus,
Cui mens fidelis erat, & invicta manus :

Capita

Capita rebellium is excerebravit ;
Hostes unitissimos ense dissipavit.

V.

GLENGARIUS magnanimus atque bellicosus,
Functus ut Æneas, pro REGE animosus ;
Fortis atque strenuus hostes expugnavit,
Sanguine rebellium campos coloravit.

VI.

FIDELITER surrexerat DONALDUS Insulanus,
Viriliter pugnaverat cum copiis Skyanis :
Pater atque filii non dissimulârunt,
Sed pro REGE PROPRIO unanimes pugnârunt.

VII.

MACLENIUS circumdatus tribu martiali,
Semper devinctissimus FAMILIÆ REGALI ;
Fortiter pugnaverat more atavorum,
Deinde dissipaverat turmas Batavorum.

VIII.

STRENUUS LOCHELIUS, multo Camerone,
Hostes ense peremit, & Abrio pugione ;
Istos & intrepidus Orco dedicavit :
Impedimenta hostium BLARO reportavit.

MACNELIUS

IX.

MACNELIUS de Bara, Glencoüs, Keppochanus,
 Bellechius cum filio, Stuartus Appianus,
 Pro JACOBO SEPTIMO fortiter gessere;
 Pugiles fortissimi feliciter vicere.

X.

CANONIUS clarissimus, Gallovidianus,
 Acer & indomitus, consilioque sanus;
 Ibi Dux adfuerat, spectabilis persona,
 Nam pro tuenda patria hunc peperit Bellona.

XI.

DEUKALEDONI Dominum spiraverat Gradivus,
 Nobilis est juvenis, fortis & activus;
 Nam cum NATIVUM PRINCIPEM exulem audiret,
 Redit ex Hungaria, ut REGI inserviret.

XII.

Hic etiam adfuerat Tutor RANALDORUM,
 Pugnavit & viriliter cum copiis virorum;
 Et ipse Capitanus, ætate puerili,
 Intentus est ad prælia spiritu virili.

XIII.

GLENMORCHISTONUS junior optimus bellator,
 Subito jam factus est hactenus Venator;
 Perduellos

Perduellos Whiggios ut pecora prostravit,
 Ense & fulmineo MacKaium fugavit,

XIV.

REGIBUS & legibus Scotici constantes ;
 Vos clypeis & tibiis pro patria pugnantes :
 Vestra est victoria, vestra est & gloria ;
 In cantu & historia perennis est memoria,

FINIS.



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The

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The Old Way of KILLICRANKY.

CLAVERS, and his Highlandmen,
Came down upo' the Ra' Man,
Who being stout, gave mony a Clout,
The Lads began to cla' then,
With Sword and Targe into their Hand,
Wi' which they were nae fla' Man,
Wi' mony a fearful heavy Sigh,
The Lads began to cla' then.
O'er Bush, o'er Bank, o'er Ditch, o'er Str
She flang amang them a' Man.
The *But-er-box* got mony Knocks,
Their Riggings paid for a' then.
They got their Paikes, wi' sudden Straikes,
Which to their Grief they fa' Man;
Wi' Clinkum Clankam o'er their Crowns,
The Lads began to fa' then.
Hur skipt about, hur leapt about,
And flang amang them a' Man.
The English Blades got broken Heads,
Their Crowns were cleav'd in twa then.
The Durk and † Door made their last Hour,
And prov'd their final Fa' Man.
They thought the Devil had been there,
That play'd them such a Pa' then:
The Solemn League, and Covenant,
Came Whigging up the Hills, Man,
Thought Highland Trows, durst not refuse,
For to subscribe their Bills then.
In *Willie's* Name, they thought nae ane
Durst stop their Course at a' Man.
But hur Nane-sell, wi' mony a Knock,
Cry'd *Furich Whiggs*, awa' Man.

Sir Evan Du, and his Men true,
 Came linking up the Brink Man.
 The Hogan Dutch, they feared such;
 They bred a horrid Slink then.
 The true MacLean, and his fierce Men,
 Came in amang them a' Man:
 Nane durst withstand his heavy Hand,
 All fled and ran awa' then.
Ob' ona Ri, Ob' on a Ri,
 Why should she los King *James*, Man?
Rig in di, Ob' Rig in di,
 She shall break a' her Banes then.
 h *Furichinsh*, an stay a While,
 And speak a Word or twa Man:
 e's gi' a Strake, out o'er the Neck,
 Before ye win awa' then.
 O fy for Shame, ye're Thre for Ane,
 And Nane-sell's won the Day, Man.
 King *James* Red-Coats should be hung up,
 Because they ran awa' then.
 Had bent their Brows, like Highland Trows,
 And made as lang a Stay, Man,
 They'd sav'd their King, that sacred Thing,
 And *Willie'd* run awa' then.
 But all Shentlemen and Cavaliers,
 Come join with hur Nane-sell then,
 For to root out the Dutch Recruit,
 And ding them down to Hell then.
 We'll meet at Anes for our King *James*,
 And think it nae great Shame, Man,
 To set him on his Royal Thrope,
 Let each Man say, Amen then.